

THE KENNA RECORD

Vol. 4.

Kenna, Chaves County, New Mexico, Friday,

May 13, 1910.

Number 17

J. P. STONE, President G. T. LITTLEFIELD, Vice President
W. B. SCOTT, Cashier

The Kenna Bank & Trust Co. OF KENNA, N. M.

The depositors in this Bank are secured by the laws of this Territory to the extent of \$30,000.00.

Our officers are bonded and we carry burglary insurance. Every safeguard of modern Banking protects you. Come in and see us.

The Kenna Bank & Trust Co.

BE A BOOSTER.

"Do you know there's a lot o' people
Settin' round in every town,
Growlin' like a broody chicken,
Knockin' every good thing down?
Don't you be that kind o' cattle,
'Cause they ain't no use on earth;
You just be a booster rooster,
Crow and boost for all you're worth.

"If this town needs boostin' boost'er,
Don't hold back and wait to see
If some other feller's willin',
Sail right in, this country's free;
No one's got a mortgage on it,
It's just yours, as much as his
If the city's shy on boosters,
You get in the boostin' biz.

"If things don't just seem to suit you
And the world seems kinder wrong,
What's the matter with the boostin'
Just to help the thing along?
'Cause if things should stop-a-go'in'
We'd be in a sorry plight,
You just keep that horn-a-blowin'
Boost her with all your might.

"If you see some feller tryin'
For to make some project go,
You must boost it up a trifle,
That's your clew to let him know
That you're not a-going to knock it,
Just because it ain't your shout,
But you're goin' to boost a little,
'Cause we've got the best thing out."

WHERE THE HAND OF GOD IS SEEN.

Do I like the city, stranger?
'Tisn't likely that I should,
'Tisn't likely that a ranger
From the border ever could
Get acquainted with the fury
And the loud unearthly noise.
Everybody in a hurry,
Men and women, gals an' boys
All a rushin' like the nation
'Mid the rumble and the jar,
Just as if their soul's salvation
Hung upon their gettin' thar.

Like it? No! I love to wander
'Mid the vales and mountains green
In the border land out yonder
Where the hand of God is seen.
Nothin' here but brick an' mortar
Towering overhead so high
That you never see a quarter
Of the overhangin' sky.
Not a tree nor grassy medder,
Not a runnin' brook in sight,
Nothin' but the buildings' shad'er
Shuttin' out the Heaven's light.

Cars and carts and wagons rumblin'
Down the street with deafnin' roar.
Drivers swearin', yellin', grumblin'
Just like lumps from sheol's shore.
Factories joinin' in the chorus
Helpin' of the din to swell,
Auctioneers in tones sonorous,
Lyin' 'bout the goods they sell.
Like it? No! I love to wander
'Mid the vales and mountains green.
Mong the rural districts yonder
Where the hand of God is seen
Even the birds are all imported
From away across the sea;
Faces meet you all distorted
By the hand of misery.
Like it? No! I love to wander
'Mid the vales and mountains green.
In the border land out yonder
Where the hand of God is seen,
Rumblin' railroad trains above you
Streets by workmen all defaced,
Everybody tryin' to shove you
In the gutter in their haste.

Yes I love the western border;
Pine trees wavin' in the air;
Rocks piled up in rough disorder;
Birds a singin' everywhere.
Deer a playin' in their gladness;
Elks a feedin' in the glen;
Not a trace o' care nor sadness,
Campin' on the trail o' man.
Brooks o' crystal clearness flowin'
O'er the rocks an' lovely flowers
In their tinted beauty growin',
'Mid the mountains' dell and bowers.
Fairer picture the Creator
Never threw on earthly screen
Than that lovely home of Nature
Where the hand of God is seen.
—Clipped.

An exchange says: Here is a minister who appreciates the editor. At a recent editorial convention he offered the following toast: "To save an editor from starvation, take his paper and pay for it promptly. To save him from despair, send him every item of news of which you can get hold. To save him from profanity write your correspondence on one side of the sheet and send it in as early as possible. To save him from mistakes, bury him. Dead people are the only ones who never make mistakes."

Nobody knows human nature better than the editor. He takes more kicks and cuffs than any other business man in the community and says the least about it. But he learns as the years go by to take people for what they are worth. He measures them up. He places everyone on his roll where they belong. God and the editor knows pretty much about them and gives them their proper rating, be they among the saints or sinners. So when you get puffed up and put on airs remember that all things that are right and just will be measured up to you and those things which are full of folly and selfish pretense are also recorded—though they may not appear in print.—Higgins, Texas, News.

THE GERMAN FLORIST.

She was the lady of his choice and he took no pains to conceal it.

"I'll bet you don't know that day tomorrow is," she announced suddenly.

"Why, Tuesday, of course," he answered in a puzzled tone.

"Oh, I don't mean that kind of a day. I knew you didn't know."

"I don't know. Wat do you mean?" he replied helplessly.

"Well, I guess I'll have to tell you." She pretended she was hurt. "It will be my birthday."

"Congratulations, Alice. Congratulations," he exclaimed enthusiastically. "And how old may—"

"That's for you to find out," she answered laughing.

"Well, I bet I know."

"You do?"

"Yes, and I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll send you a rose for every year of your life. How will that do?"

At the florists he found the assistant unoccupied.

"Send Miss Casey eighteen of your best roses tomorrow morning. You know the address. Eighteen. Your best. Understand?" The boy understood.

Half an hour later the proprietor was looking over the order book.

"What did Mr. Graham order today?"

"Eighteen roses, sir," answered Willie.

"Eighteen? He's a pretty good customer. Throw in a dozen more."—Norman E. Mack's National Monthly.

TWO SIDES TO EVERYTHING.

A little boy was given too much underdone pie for supper and was soon roaring lustily. His mother's visitor was visibly disturbed.

"If he was my child," she said, "he'd get a good sound spanking."

"He deserves it," the mother admitted, "but I don't believe in spanking him on a full stomach."

"Neither do I," said the visitor, "but I'd turn him over."—Success Magazine.

Don't go "Lumbering" along Like an "Old Ox Wagon!"

Quit "Lumbering," and BUY LUMBER. You need a Snugger House,

or, if you have a good house, you need a Barn, Shed or Chicken House. We've got the Material—You've got the MONEY.

—or at least we hope you have. Let's SWAP! We'll make you an even trade—Dollar for Dollar in value, and

Nobody Harmed.

Come and see us, and talk it over.

Kenna Lumber Co.,
Kenna New Mexico..

Opposite Bank.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

014510.
Non coal land.
Department of the Interior, U. S.
Land Office at Roswell, N. M., May 6,
1910.

Notice is hereby given that Harry H. Goodin, of Boaz, N. M., who, on March 31, 1908, made Homestead entry No. 14682, serial 014510, for NE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 35, Township 6 South, Range 29 East, N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Commutation Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before W. T. Cowgill, U. S. Commissioner in his office, at Kenna, N. M. on the 18th day of June, 1910.

Claimant names as witnesses:
Thomas H. Zimmerman, William R. McCormick, William E. Hinshaw, Lee Smith, all of Boaz, N. M.
T. C. TILLOTSON,
May 12-June 17 Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

014208.
Non coal land.
Department of the Interior, U. S.
Land Office at Roswell, N. M., May 6,
1910.

Notice is hereby given that John F. Shambaugh of Boaz, N. M., who, on March 2, 1908, made Homestead entry No. 14326, serial 014208, for NW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 33, Township 6 South, Range 29 East, N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Commutation Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before H. P. Lively, U. S. Commissioner in his office, at Elkins, N. M. on the 18th day of June, 1910.

Claimant names as witnesses:
Dan C. Savage, William H. Chapman, William H. Horner, Fred Moore, all of Boaz, N. M.
T. C. TILLOTSON,
May 13-June 17 Register.

AMPLE REASON.

As perhaps every newspaper reader knows, the capital city of Nebraska is "dry." And it claims to be the largest city in America that has abolished the open saloon by its own local option vote. While the campaign was at its height a couple of union men were talking about it in front of the Labor Temple. One of them, a printer, remarked:

"I am going to vote'er 'dry,' this time, and work my head off trying to get other fellows to do the same."

This was a surprise, for the printerman was opposed to the 'dry' policy the year before, although the "drys" won then by a big majority.

"What's your reason for votin' 'dry' this time?" queried the other union man.

"Three new suits of clothes and an overcoat in eleven months" was the terse reply.—Exchange.

NEXT!

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Non coal land.
012742
Department of the Interior, U. S.
Land Office at Roswell, N. M., May 6,
1910.

Notice is hereby given that Julia E. Hart, of Olive, N. M., who, on August 16, 1907, made Homestead entry No. 12337, serial 012742, for SW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 10, Township 4 South, Range 28 East, N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Commutation Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before W. T. Cowgill, U. S. Commissioner in his office, at Kenna, N. M. on the 21st day of June, 1910.

Claimant names as witnesses:
John Gehring, Oscar H. Hewatt, James A. Harris, all of Olive, N. M. and Raymond West, of Kenna, N. M.
T. C. TILLOTSON,
May 12-June 17 Register.

MONTHLY SUMMARY.

Temperature.
Mean maximum, 65.3.
Mean minimum, 39.
Mean, 55.
Maximum, 92; date 28.
Minimum, 22; date 5.
Greatest daily range, 53.
Precipitation.
Total, 6.100 inches.
Greatest in 24 hours, .06; date, 9.
Total fall, none inches; on ground 1.16, none inches, at the end of month, none inches.
Number of Days.
1. 41 inch or more precipitation, one.
Cloud 16; daily clouds, 12; cloudy, 2.
D. C. SAVAGE,
Cooperative Observer.
Post-office address, Boaz, N. M.

ADVERTISED.

List of letters remaining in Post Office at Kenna, N. M. 37 days on May 1st, 1910. If not called for on or before June 1st 1910 will be sent to the Dead Letter office at Washington, D. C.

Letters:
Mr. Claud Johnson, (2)
Mr. G. E. Chaucer,
Mrs. Dona Mallard.
Post Cards:
Mr. Claud Johnson,
Mr. O. F. Johnson,
Mrs. Nettie Johnson.
When calling for the above, please say "advertised."
CLAUDE J. MARBUT, P. M.

TOO EXPENSIVE.

"This cigar tastes like it was made of cabbage," growls the customer.

"!" replies the clerk, "If you know the wholesale price of cabbage that year, you wouldn't insinuate that it could be put in a 5-cent cigar."—Judge.